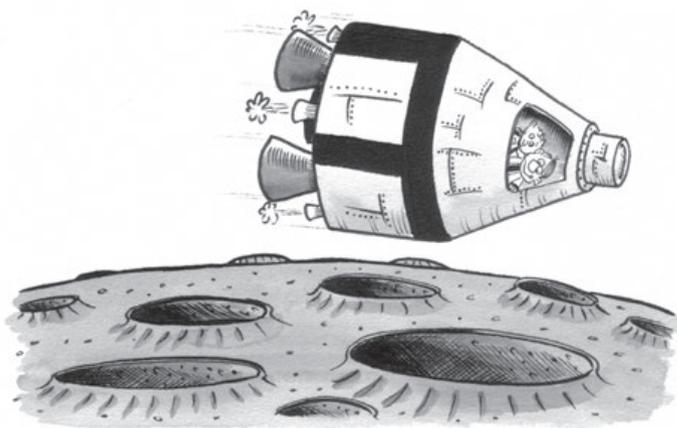


THE FANTASTIC FLATULENT
FART BROTHERS

GO TO THE MOON!



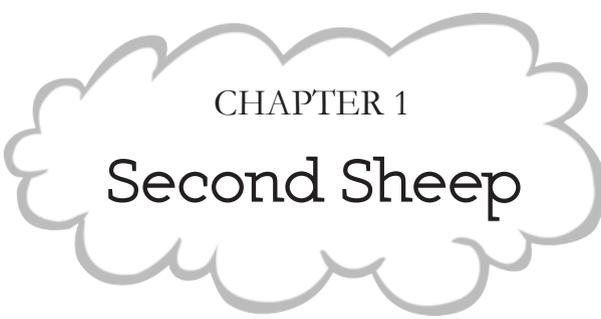
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CHAPTER 1

Second Sheep

Willy wished he had someone to play games with besides his big brother Peter.

Right now Peter was picking a thick brown scab off his leg, when he should have been concentrating on the giant saber-toothed worm monsters battling the Trans-Galactic Imperial Infantry.

“Gross!” Willy dropped his game controller in disgust. “You let one get away!”

“Oh yeah? This’ll stop him.” Peter lifted one butt cheek and let out a blustery paint peeler of a fart.

That called for revenge. Willy raised his rear end and spewed a dirty green booty blast so rotten-smelling it could have melted steel, or one of the Dorlusian robot gladiators that had just stomped into view.

“Now *you’re* the one who lost us points!” Peter said. “Just for that, eat this.” He tore another scab from his knee and spun it at him. Willy ducked just in time.

“Uh oh,” Peter said, his nose pointing behind Willy.

The scab stuck to the forehead of their little sister Skyler, who didn’t seem to notice as she skipped happily down the stairs. She hopped in front of the couch and held out two slips of paper.

“For my special brothers,” Skyler said.

“We don’t need toilet paper,” Peter said, winking at Willy.

“This isn’t toilet paper, dummy,” Skyler said. “These are VIP tickets for my kindergarten spring pageant. We’re performing ‘Old MacDonald Had a Farm.’”



“And what are you, one of the pigs?” Peter imitated a snorting hog.

Skyler ignored him and stuck up her nose. “I play Lamb Number Two, the second-most important sheep in the whole play.”

“Hey, know what a sheep fart sounds like?” Peter squeezed out a honk that sounded more goosey than sheepy.

“Don’t be disgusting. You better come!” Skyler set the tickets between them on the couch. “Oh yeah, one more thing. I need you to babysit Squeaky.”

Squeaky was Skyler’s pet hamster. All he did all day was crack sunflower seeds and run inside his wheel.

Once he’d bitten Willy’s finger, one of the most painful experiences in his



life. Though to his credit, Squeaky often lived up to his name with hilarious little hamster farts.

“We actors are required at rehearsal,” Skyler said. She placed a grapefruit-sized clear plastic hamster ball on the floor. “So please look after—”

KABOOM!

A terrifying explosion cut her off.

“See what you made happen?” Peter tossed his controller on the floor. “You let the Trans-Galactic Star Station blow up!”

Big red words appeared on the screen: “You lost the battle. Go back to Level 12.”

Before either boy could punish their sister with a lethal fart, she was out the door. With Peter’s scab still stuck to her head, at least.

“Who wants to sit through some stupid kidney-garden pageant to watch her bleat like a sheep?” Peter said.

Willy agreed. “We need to get away, as far away as possible.”

Peter switched the television to a regular station, but it was just the news. He was about to press another channel, when Willy said, “Hold it!”



The news showed a rocket on a launchpad, while the reporter reported: “...first manned mission to the Moon in forty years. The public is invited to meet

the astronauts today, just before lift-off, at the Gasserton Space Command Center auditorium.”

“Cool! That’s in the next town,” Willy said.

Peter was already out of his seat. “Let’s go!”

They packed snacks for the ride over: nacho corn chips, refried beans, hard boiled eggs, plus a bag of leftover onion rings. Then they ran down the street to catch the bus.

“Wait!” Willy said. “We promised to babysit the hamster.”

“I don’t remember any promise,” Peter said.

Willy looked away, so his brother wouldn’t see his tear-filled eyes. They couldn’t leave poor little Squeaky all alone in the house. What if a pet thief broke in?

Willy dashed home, scooped up the hamster ball, and reached the bus stop just in time.

“Do you see what I see?” Peter said.

Willy saw. The bus was jam-packed with student ballerinas.

They settled in the back seat. “Pass the eggs and beans and onion rings,” Peter said.

Ten blocks later they hammered out nose-melting, eye-watering fart bombs that turned the air in the bus grungy yellow.

One block after that, their butts hit the sidewalk.

The next bus came along after a few minutes. This one was filled with an old ladies’ knitting club.

Willy and Peter gulped down another can of beans. This was turning out to be a truly fun day.

